did disdaine my childe, and stoode betwnee her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilst ours was blorred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course vnnaturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindnesse, perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? wee wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne: her monument is almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden characters, expres a generall praise to her, and care in vs, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to detray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth sweare to'th gods that Winter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'do as I aduise. *Exit.*

Enter Gower

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short
Saile seas in Cockels, haue and wish but for:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, Region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To vse one Language, in each seuerall clime,
Where our scenes seeme to liue. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now againe th' warting the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his Daughter, all his liues dlight.
Old *Helicanus* goes along behnide,
Is left to gouerne it: you beare in minde
Old *Escenes* whom *Helicanus* late
Aduanc'd in time to great and high state.

well

Well sayling ships, and bounteous, windes haue brought.
This King to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilate thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them moue a while.
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile,

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dionzia at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles, the toombe, whereat Pericles makes lamention, puts on sack-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe,
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe:
And *Pericles* in sorrow all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showrd.
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarks, he sweares
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his haires
He put on sackcloth and to sea he beares,
A tempest which his mortall vessell teares:
And yet he rides it out, Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, writ by *Dionizia*.

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies heere.
Who withered in her spring of yeare:
She was of Tirus the Kings Daughter
On whom foule death hade made this slaughter:
Marina was she calld, and at her birth
That is being proud, swallowed some part ofth' earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thetis birth-childe on the heauens bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares shee'l neuer stint,
Make raging Battrie vpon shores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery:
let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead.
And beare his courses to be ordered

By